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Vampire Boarding School

By pipix101

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Chapter 1

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CHAPTER 1

I stood up and looked out of my bedroom window. It was yet another miserable day, which only seemed to add to the irony of what was to come. I had been dreading this day for weeks, but now that it was finally here, I felt even worse - I hadn't even thought that was possible!

I went into my en-suit bathroom and looked into my mirror. I looked at my dark brown hair and extremely pale skin and wondered what I was supposed to do with the rest of my life. I had been an outcast in my society. People would jeer at me when I

passed them in the street, and I would just wish that I could melt away into the pavement. But I couldn't. I had to face these same people every day. But today was going to be the worst day of them all. Today, my life ended.

After getting dressed in my usual gothic garb (as my parents liked to call it) and applying my black eye shadow and lipstick, I went downstairs and into my kitchen. I looked at the boxes that where filled with all of my belongings and I felt a pang of upset and almost guilt at the thought of never being able to call this my home again, but my internal babbling was then interrupted by my mother.

'Come on now, Jessica. Couldn't you just try and wear something pretty for me today? Just this once?' my mother pleaded at me. And no, I couldn't. I had made a promise to myself that I would make today as difficult - if not more difficult - for her and my dad as they were making this for me.

'No, mother, I can't. And anyway, to me this is pretty, but I don't expect for you to understand that.' I watched as her face pulled into something that was a

cross between a frown and a grimace. 'I wish that you could just accept me for who I am, instead of trying to make me something that I'm not, but I guess that that is never going to happen.' As I said this, I walked over to the counter and started to munch on a granola bar.

'Jessica, you know that that is not what your father and I are trying to do to you. Today is going to be a good day for you - and for us! Why can't you understand that this is what is best for all of us?' my mother sounded so exasperated, but I didn't care. If she wanted to make me feel bad,

then I would just have to make her feel even worse.

I was about to open my mouth to answer back, when my father interrupted me. 'Jessica, can you go and wait in the car please? Your mother and I need to talk.' And with that, I stomped out of the room and went to meet my doom.

***

After going outside, I went to lean against the door of my car. I looked back at the house that I had called

home for the past sixteen years. Well, sixteen years exactly. Today was my sixteenth birthday - the worst birthday of my entire life! Today I was leaving home for the first time - and it wasn't even by my choice!

See, there is a tradition in my family. Every time somebody in the family turns sixteen, they are shipped off to a private boarding school in England. I never thought that this day would actually happen, but here it is. The school was so aptly named 'Mary Clarke's Boarding School for the Talented,' in other words 'Mary Clarke's prison for the wealthy. The school prided itself on turning out well mannered students, but I had made a promise to myself that I wouldn't turn out like the snobs that I imagined living at the prison.

My mother had told me about her days at the prison. She told me stories when I was younger of how she and her friends had snuck out in the middle of the night to steal food from the dining hall, and how they would stash it in their pillow cases and under their beds. I loved to listen to her stories as I grew up, but after a while, I began to see just how boring they

really were. Stealing food was the most exciting thing that had ever happened to the prison, and I would be sentenced to spend the next three years of my life at the prison, with no friends or family.

My father had told me that this would be a good opportunity to make some new friends - or any at all. Because of my hair and makeup and clothes, people would refuse to even sit near me. They acted like I was carrying the plague! When the rumour that I was leaving got out - a rumour that was actually true - I had people, for the first time in my life, actually talking to me. It may have only been to ask for old S.A's and trying to scavenge lunch cards, but they still spoke to me. On my last day of school I even had people say that they would miss being horrible to me. I knew that they were just upset that they wouldn't be able t bully me anymore, but it almost made me feel like I had belonged to the school in a way that was unpleasant but necessary

I turned around and got into the backseat of my parent's car. It smelled like home and I would miss that. No, it smelled more like mom and dad. I hadn't

always called them mother and father, just since they told me that they had secured a place for me at the prison, and that I would be leaving my home in just a few short weeks. I felt like they had betrayed me. But it was this or living on the streets. I was so not happy about this.

Just then my parents got into the car.

'So, Jessica, how're you feeling?' my dad asked. How did he think I was feeling? He was about to send me to a place where I would not fit in and I wouldn't even have my family to complain about it with.

'I'm great, father, just great. Of all the things that you could have punished me with, it had to be this, didn't it?' I was so frustrated with them. They where ruining my life.

'Jessica, you know that this isn't a punishment. You also know that no matter what you say, we aren't going to change our minds on this subject, so you are just going to have to live with it.' My father could be so mean to me sometimes, but this was by far the worst.

'Fine,' I said, and I settled in for the next few hours that I would spend in silence.

***

When we reached the airport I was just about ready to throw up with nerves. How could I be letting them do this to me? Even though I hadn't had any friends at home, I was sure to have even less here, and I wouldn't have the comfort of my parents for support. I was going to have to do this all on my own - but was I strong enough?

We got out of the car and walked over to the entrance of the airport. We would have to be scanned for anything metal. Oh no! I thought. I'm wearing metal! Today had to be the one day that I had chosen to wear my new jeans. I loved them. They were black with zips in random places and even a chain! But there was no way that I was going to be able to wear these and still get through the line.

'Mom? Can we go to the bathroom?' my mother looked confused because there was a bathroom just ahead of us. 'Please mom, it's really important!' she must have read the urgency on my face because she

nodded and told my dad to meet us at the other side of the metal detector.

When we got into the deserted bathroom, my mother turned on me.

'Jessica, what are you doing? There was a toilet on the other side of the metal detector.'

'Mom, my pants have metal on them. I need to change them.' I expected my mom to explode, but she didn't. She simply burst out into laughter.

'What are you laughing at? This isn't funny!' but that only made her laugh harder.

I waited for a few minutes for the laughter to subside before I changed my jeans and put my metal filled ones in the car.

'Well, that's what you get for buying stupid clothes!' my dad said after he had been told why we took so long. 'Come on now, you had better get going.' My dad gave me a quick hug and a kiss on my forehead. My mom then did the same and they sent me on my way through gate four.

***

I boarded the plane with a feeling of loss, deep in my stomach. I was leaving everything behind and my mom wasn't even here to help me out.

I found my seat - an aisle seat - and sat down to wait for takeoff. I had been sitting and waiting for about five minutes when I heard somebody clearing there throat. I looked up to see a short girl with dark brown, curly hair. She smiled at me shyly, before taking her seat next to me.

'Hi,' she began in a childlike and somewhat nervous voice. 'I'm Stephanie. Are you going to England too?' what a silly question! I was on a plane to England, of course that was where I was going. But I couldn't say that.

'Yeah, I'm Jessica, but please call me jess. I really hate my name.' I felt oddly at ease talking to this girl. It was a shame that she and I would be parted when we got to England.

'So, whereabouts in England are you going to?' I didn't even know this girl but I could not hold back. I had to gush about how betrayed I felt.

'My family has this tradition that when any teenager in the family turns sixteen she has to go to some snobby private boarding school in England. I never thought that they would actually make me go, but here I am! What about you?' I wasn't really the least bit interested in what this girl had to say, but I would have to spend the next three hours on a plane with this girl, so small talk was key.

'Oh. Gosh. I can't believe this! So does my family. I turned sixteen last week so they shipped me off today. What's the school you are going to called?' this was super freaky, but, if true, I might actually have a friend.

'My mom said it was something like Mary Marke's boarding school or something. I wasn't really paying that much attention.' Recognition was clear on Stephanie's face.

'You mean Mary Clarke's Boarding School for the Talented? That's where I'm going too! Oh, this is

great! I thought I was going to be so alone, but now I have you.' I was also glad. And maybe, just maybe, for the first time ever, I might actually have a real friend.

comment and vote please!

thanks xxx

Chapter 2

vampire boarding school; chapter 2

enjoy!

chapter 2

As the plane began to descend, I was still feeling very nervous, but not as nervous as I had been. I now had Stephanie and even if I was alone, at least she could be alone with me.

After landing in England - I didn't really know where we were - Stephanie and I went out into the lobby, bags in hand. I asked her if she had been told where she was supposed to go, but she said that she hadn't. We had spent the whole trip telling each other about our interests - what music we liked, what we did in

our spare time - things like that. We had very different tastes. Stephanie liked happy, preppy, pop music and I liked dark, somewhat depressing, rock music.

After looking around the lobby for any sign of where we were or where we had to go, Stephanie and I were approached by an elderly man with a very proper English accent. He was tall, with balding gray hair and a black suit. He looked more like a butler from one of those snobby English sitcoms than a chauffeur.

The man - whose name we later learned was Jim - showed us to what I immediately thought was a black limo, but soon found out that it was merely a taxi. Stephanie and I jumped into the backseat, and I could tell by the look on her face that she felt very uncomfortable being in an unfamiliar country with two people that she didn't even know.

As we travelled, the lines of buildings and huge houses began to fade into miles and miles of fields. Every now and then, we would pass a huge building

and I would assume that that was where we were headed to, but we always just drove straight past it.

Eventually I began to find that my eyelids had become very heavy and I found it hard to keep them open. One field blurred into another and eventually all became one.

***

'Jessica? Jessica! Wake up, we're here!' that got me to open my eyes. I hadn't realised that I had fallen asleep. I sat up and looked around the car. It had become dark, but that was no indication of time. Back home it didn't get dark until nine or ten at night. From what I had read in books and on the internet, it could get dark as early as five thirty over in England - here in England.

'We're here?' I asked stupidly. I saw Stephanie nod in the faint light of the dashboard.

As I stepped out of the car I felt a sudden lurch in the pit of my stomach as I caught sight of the school that I would now be calling home.

It was like the fairytale castle that Cinderella lived in after she moved in with Prince Charming. It was huge, to say the least. It was made from huge slabs of sand coloured stones and had ivy growing along most of the front of the building, but was cut away to reveal what seemed like a hundred windows.

I heard a sharp intake of air next to me, and knew that Stephanie was having the same reaction as me. I looked over to see her looking wide eyed and in disbelief.

Jim - our chauffeur - showed us inside before going to get our bags.

It was the middle of the term here, so we were late arrivals - and the only ones. I could already tell that Stephanie would be accepted here. It was exactly to her style. It was an elegant mansion, with a touch - and a very big touch at that - of feminism. You could tell that this was a private girl's school. But our gawking was soon interrupted by a very feminine looking woman. She was old and had light mahogany brown hair that was obviously dyed.

'Good afternoon, girls. You must be our new arrivals. I'm Madam Clarke,' she said as she took Stephanie's hand lightly.

'I'm Stephanie, ma'am, it's nice to meet you,' Stephanie said politely. I decided that I would try the same, and hoped that she would accept it.

'Likewise Stephanie and you must be Jessica?' she asked me as she reluctantly took my hand. At first I couldn't understand why she was looking at me like I had some contagious illness, but I soon realised that I was wearing all black, with black eye shadow and lipstick.

'Yes ma'am. I'm Jessica. It's nice to meet you.' She didn't look impressed.

'Likewise,' She repeated, in a less warm tone to me than the one that she had used with Stephanie. 'I have two spare beds in the same room, so I thought that you two might like to stay together as you are both new here.' I was very grateful for that!

After ordering Jim to show Stephanie and me to our room, Madam Clarke left through two big wooden double doors.

We arrived at our room - one the second floor - and where told by Jim that we were free to go into the room. I and Stephanie just stood there looking at the door.

'Maybe we should knock?' Stephanie asked. It seemed like a good idea, but this was our room too now, so we could go in when we pleased, couldn't we?

'Well, this is our room too now. Let's just go inside.' I was feeling a sudden burst of confidence and I intended to grasp my confidence by the horns.

Stephanie went first. She turned the door handle and pushed the door open to reveal a huge room - the walls where painted white, but had photos and posters above and by each bed - the beds where single and there were two separate ones at the side. They lined the walls and they had one wardrobe and one bedside table on either side. The room seemed to be in sections for each person, but there was a huddle of girls dressed in pink and light blues all

sitting on a bed in the right corner of the big room, apparently waiting for us.

One very skinny blonde stood up from the bed and came over to us. The other girls immediately followed closely behind her. I expected her to be very snobby and queen bee like - and very mean - but I was mistaken.

'Hey! You must be the new girls. Let me guess. Stephanie?' she said, pointing at her. Stephanie looked in complete shock and awe at the blonde.

'Yeah, how did you do that?' I must admit, I wanted to know how she knew that.

'I'm magic!' she exclaimed in a majestic voice. Just then another girl stepped out from behind her. She was shorter than the blonde and had light brown hair. It was sort - about shoulder length - and had been curled.

'You wish, Abby! Take no notice of her. That's Abigail, but you can call her Abby - everybody does. I'm Brianna. It means strong, noble. You'll both learn what your names mean. It's the first thing that you

do in PSHE class. Abigail means father of exaltation.' I didn't know why she was telling me this and it only made her look snobby, but I was actually interested. She looked behind her and pointed out a girl of about five ft. 'that's Josie. It's of English origin, and derives from the name Josephine.' She then pointed to a very tall blonde girl with a huge smile. 'That's Melanie. We never did find out what it means, we just assumed that it means melon. That would describe Melanie perfectly!'

'Hey!' the girl named Melanie moaned in offence.

'Well, that's everyone. You can hang with us if you want. We were all put into the same room and just stayed friends.' I hoped that Stephanie and I could join their friendship group - I had never really had friends before, so that would be a first.

'If you don't mind,' Stephanie began quietly. 'So I'm Stephanie and this is Jessica,' she said, pointing at me. 'We are both from America.'

I had expected for these girls to be total snobs but even though I didn't know them very well, they were making a good impression on me. I was really

beginning to like them. Stephanie and I got in to our pyjamas and got into our bed after unpacking our clothes.

I thought that I would make the best impression on these girls as I could, so I decided to talk about the one thing that we had in common -boys.

'Hey Abigail, isn't there and all boys school around here or something?' I asked her. She looked towards her friends and looked back at me wearily. I guessed that she must have had a boyfriend there or something.

'Yeah,' she said warily.

'So you guys have boyfriends there?' I asked. Melanie looked as if she had seen a ghost - must have bad memories, so I decided to apologise. 'I didn't mean to offend anyone. I just --'

'-you don't know do you? That's not a good school. You need to keep away from there.' She said fiercely.

I was growing very confused. 'Why? What's wrong with that school?' I asked.

'We need to talk to you,' Abigail began. 'That's not an all boy's school. Yes, only boys live there but that's because of what they are. Stephanie, Jessica - that's a boarding school for vampires.'

please comment! thanks a lot. tell me if its good or bad.

xx

Chapter 3

vampire boarding school; chapter 3

HEY. I KNOW ITS SHORT - SORRY. ENJOY COMMENT AND VOTE PLEASE! LET ME NOW WHAT YOU THINK!

CHAPTER 3!

I couldn't speak. I was in denial. At least I thought that I was. I vaguely heard the girls trying to convince Stephanie in the background, but that didn't bother me. What was wrong with me? I had just been told by some complete strangers that the boarding school next to ours was in fact a boarding school for vampires, yet all I wanted to do was to believe them. And I did believe them. But what if this

was all a prank and I had believed them? I thought. No, this was stupid. I knew perfectly well that it was true. I didn't know why I knew, I just did - like a sixth sense or something. I decided that the best course of action would be to get more info, and to let the girls think that I believed them - which I did!

'-stop, Stephanie,' I shouted over her. She looked at me with a shocked expression, and I just nodded firmly at her. 'It's true, isn't it? I feel like it is, but I don't know why?' I didn't mean for it to, but it sounded an awful lot like a question.

'It's because of the school. Please just sit down and let us explain. I just assumed that you would already know,' Abigail began, as we all walked over and spread ourselves over two of the beds, both decorated in a bright pink color, that clashed really horribly with my black nail polish. 'This was all originally one school that had been split into two parts. They were both owned by humans and had gained a very good reputation. About thirty years ago, however, the school got into a little bit of debt and had to sell the other building. It was brought by a

man named Joshua shires. Shires, was a vampire. He set up the school for his students to come and live peacefully, without the watchful glare of human eyes. They were and are all vampires. Our headmistress was informed and upon arrival new students are usually informed. I don't know why you two weren't.'

This was all a lot to take in, but I wanted to know more about the vampires, so I asked, 'So what's so different about vampires and humans then?'

'Well, for one, all vampires are male. They are all guys.' She took in our shocked looks and sighed. 'that's why we have to be careful. We are all girls and humans. Vampires only reproduce by impregnating a female human. The vampire gene is too strong and takes over the human gene, thus causing the life of a new vampire boy. Most women survive the birth but it is very difficult. But that's not all. Vampires age about one year for every 100 human years. Now, can you imagine a bunch of horny teenage vampire guys sitting cooped up in the same building all day everyday deprived of female company? We aren't allowed to go anywhere near their campus. But that

doesn't stop them from coming over to ours. I wish that I could tell you more, but that's all that we know.' I looked at Abigail with what I'm sure was a very shocked look on my face.

I couldn't sleep that night. I wish that it was because of bad nightmares that I was having about my new horny vampire neighbours, but it wasn't - it was because the idea of them excited my so much! It was a long night, but I eventually fell asleep.

***

It was early - that much I could tell. I could hear girls whispering in hushed voices about something that I couldn't hear. I sat up and turned onto my back to see the five other girls that I shared my room with, all staring down at me in an awkward way.

'Good, you're finally up!' Melanie rejoiced. 'Hey, I know that it's a Saturday, but breakfast is still at 7:30. C'mon, get up!' she ordered me. Seven thirty?

Did these girls even know what a lay-in was? I quickly got out of bed and got a quick shower (separate cubicles thank god!)I went to put my make

up on. I felt uncomfortable as the girls stared at me while I applied thin eyeliner, with Smokey gray eye shadow and pale white lipstick.

'if you girls don't stop ogling, your eyes will fall out,' I warned them - they quickly turned around.

We went down to the cafeteria and I had a huge plate of pancakes. Well, if I had to get up early, might as well make it for something good!

After breakfast we went outside and sat on a huge field that faced towards our school and away from the vamp school. I like it here. We just sat and had the most amazing convocations about food, our friends, boys - just girly stuff like that. we had been sitting on the grass for about an hour

when I felt eyes watching me. I turned around to see the most amazing two guys that I had ever seen. They wore black skinny jeans. One had a pair of black converse, the other a pair a black doc martins. One had a black top on with the words 'bite me' written in blood red on it and the other had a jacket on that was also black. I know it sounds so boring, but for me this

was heaven - that was until they started to walk over to us.

I tapped Melanie on the shoulder and pointed toward the two guys, and she replied simpley.

'Oh crap!'

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE COMMENT! I KNOW THAT THIS IS KIND OF A BORING CHAPTER, BUT I WASN'T TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK! SO GO AHEAD AND COMMENT AND VOTE PLEASE! THANKS A LOT. ALL COMMENTS WELCOME. ⏪

Chapter 4

Vampire Boarding School - chapter 4

hey guys. i know its short. sorry. xx

chapter 4

Oh god, I thought as I watched these two guys walk over to me - not me; us, I reminded myself. I know when you read books all of the girls are like, 'OMG, he was so totally looking at me with his incredibly sexy eyes,' but this isn't some book. Yes, they were staring at us - walking very slowly I might add - but there was still that huge sense of fear that was now branded to my heart, making it beat erratically for no particular reason.

I looked over to Melanie and the other girls, hoping to see reassuring smiles, or lets-just-get-out-of-here expressions, but that wasn't what I found. I found fear - shocking, repulsive fear that made me wonder why they hadn't run away by now. But when I studied them further, I found what might even be adoration in their eyes.

I looked back over to the two guys walking over to us. I know that it's wrong and I know that I shouldn't, but the second I caught the dark brown, almost black, eyes of the boy closest to me, I felt like I needed to go to him - to comfort him in times of need, to surrender myself to him. I felt like there was a black hole that was seductively waiting to swallow me whole, and once I went there, I could never come back. But the thing was - I didn't want to come back. I felt an unexplained urge to just spend the rest of my life in the arms of this mysterious lover.

I don't know how long I stood there for, staring, but the boys slow walk had brought them to be very close to us indeed. They were a mere metre away

from me as I was the closest - I just couldn't stop staring at his eyes!

They were so amazing. They were now stood in front of us and had stopped walking. They looked almost like they were deciding on which of us they wanted - at least that was what is looked like from here. They scanned the rest of the girls in turn, both looking at different girls, before they looked at me in unity.

Their eyes scanned my body at the exact same time, while I stood there, willing for them to want me as much as I wanted them. I knew in my mind that I should look away - this was so new to me, these ... I couldn't bring myself to admit it. I knew the truth, but I preferred the world that I lived in before - the one where I hate my parents and love my gothic clothes and was bullied at school because of it, but that didn't matter, because I was still somewhat happy. What was I now?

I was so locked in their eyes, that I didn't notice when the boys both looked up towards their school, like they had just heard something. They looked back to us - no, not us, me - before I could no longer look at

them, due to the light - it was blinding me - it hurt so much, I just couldn't keep my eyes open. I felt myself fall to my knees, hurting them in the process.

I don't know what it was, but there was something inside me that told me that the light wouldn't hurt me anymore when I opened my eyes, so, slightly hesitantly, I opened my eyes slowly, looking around. Everything was very much the same. I was on the floor - as were the girls - but this time from falling, not sitting, down there. I looked to the other girls, who looked shocked, but like they understood exactly what had just happened. I finally looked over to Stephanie, who looked like she was about to throw up.

'Stephanie, are you okay?' I heard one of the girls ask her. I looked away from Steph to Abigail, who was moving her hair into a pony tail, to keep it away from her face. 'Look, I know that it's a lot, but we really need to get inside,' she sounded so urgent, while the other girls simply nodded in agreement. When she didn't reply or move, I grabbed Stephanie's arm and moved toward the huge oak front door. The whole

time that we were walking there, I felt nervous and agitated, like I was being watched.

After reaching the safety of the school, I turned around to look at Abigail and Melanie. I don't know why, and even though now was not the best time, I felt like Melanie, Stephanie, Abigail and I could maybe even become best friends one day.

But focusing on the matter at hand, I really did have a lot of questions for the girls, as well as Madame Clarke.

'Look, I don't know how things work around here, but that was not okay. Please, just let us talk to Madame Clarke?' Stephanie had taken the words right from my mouth.

I watched as Melanie looked from Stephanie, to me, to Abigail, before saying simply, 'very well.'

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE COMMENT! I KNOW THAT THIS IS KIND OF A BORING CHAPTER, BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK! SO GO AHEAD AND COMMENT AND VOTE PLEASE! THANKS A LOT. ALL COMMENTS WELCOME.

Chapter 5

Vampire Bording School - Chapter 5

Five

I had been in Madame Clarke's office for what felt like hours. I looked over to the clock, to discover that it was - well, let's just put it this way, it had defiantly been more than a few hours. I looked over to the empty chair next to me.

This could not be happening - it just couldn't! If this were real then Steph would still be sitting in that empty chair to the left of me, the room would not be empty, and I would not be feeling like I would throw up at any moment - and yes, right now that seemed like a fair possibility.

I know that to the outside observer I must look like a complete mess. I was starting to get a sweaty forehead - as disgusting as that was - as well as sweaty palms. I knew that it probably wasn't, but I felt like my make up was running its way down the side of my face. I had put on a reasonable amount of eye makeup this morning, but I now wished that I hadn't.

And so, I might hear you ask, what exactly is going on that could scare even the toughest gothic girl into submission? Well the answer to that is simple, and one that is extremely ironic - vampires.

Simple, because they are - or so I have been told - what were theoretically created in this world as superiors to humans, yet they did and still do, of course, need us for survival. Simple - they hurt us, they die.

Extremely ironic, because as any girl who has read the works of Anne Rice would know, vampires are evil, yet yummy.

So why am I here, quivering in my shaking boots? Because for the first time in the history of . . . my

life . . . I am about to meet a real live vampire. And not just any vampire - well, yes, just any vampire, one of the students at the school that neighbours ours.

This little meeting had been neither the idea of Madame Clarke nor me - It was in fact, the idea of one of the students. According to Madame Clarke he had been very adamant to meet me, but nobody would tell me why. I was sure that both Madame Clarke and her secretary knew the answers to the questions that I had asked, yet both had simply ignored them and stood watching me with worried gazes.

So I had been waiting for god knows how long and I was so petrified, yet intrigued to find out why a vampire would want to meet me. It was probably that he wanted to tell me to stop wearing clothes that were so similar to that of the other schools, but there was no way on Satan's red hell, that I was going to be changing who I was for them!

My musing was interrupted then by what I could only describe as the sound of boots. Those little

converse shoes to be precise - I know that it may sound stupid, but growing up where I did, as an outcast, you tend to get good at listening to silence, and recognising sounds. I know it's sad really.

I wondered who he would be . . . most likely a vampire, I knew that it was one of the students from the other school, but that was all that I knew.

As the footsteps grew closer, I began to feel slightly fidgety - I just couldn't bring myself to sit still, yet at the same time I was stuck in my seat - a rabbit in the headlights. I heard the door handle being twisted and very slowly opened. All I could think was how I should have run when I had the chance, but I was too intrigued to find out who the person - or vampire - was.

I heard the door squeak slightly from the aged hinges, before it clicked shut and I knew that I was now in the room all alone - all except for the presence that had just entered.

I, for some reason, didn't feel as nerved as I had before. I almost felt happy and relieved to be finding out who this mystery person was.

I couldn't wait much longer - I had to see him, and it was with this in mind, that I turned around and got my first glimpse of him.

He was tall and slim, but in the way that makes him look kinda cute, although he did look authoritative. His hair was jet black, covered one eye, and was very . . . I don't really know how to explain it . . . it was just like I could see his personality even though I hadn't even heard him speak. He was dressed all in black with a black bag over one shoulder. He looked as though he were waiting for something.

'Erm ... hello,' I hadn't meant for it to be a question, but that was what it sounded like.

He seemed to stare at me for what felt like forever, but after a moment he answered me, 'hello. You are everything that I thought that you would be,' he said, as he appraised my outfit, or at least that was what I thought he was doing.

'Excuse me? But what do you want?' he looked me up and down one more time before speaking again.

'Look at you, look at them, look at me. Who do you think that you belong with? Not them, I know that for sure. You belong with us at the other school. Come with me? Will you?'

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE COMMENT! I KNOW THAT THIS IS KIND OF A BORING CHAPTER, BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK! SORRY ITS KINDA SHORT :(SO GO AHEAD AND COMMENT AND VOTE PLEASE! THANKS A LOT. ALL COMMENTS WELCOME.

Chapter 6

vampire boarding school - chapter 6

Chapter 6

'Look at them, look at you, look at me. Who do you think that you belong with? Not them, I know that for sure. You belong with us at the other school. Come with me? Will you?'

My whole being was just screaming at me to refuse his offer, but I just couldn't find the will to say no - actually I couldn't find the will to say anything ... I felt paralysed.

I could see him from the corner of my eyes, and I watched him as he walked around me, as if sizing me

up once again - and I had to admit, it made me feel fairly uncomfortable.

'So?' He asked; as if he hadn't just asked a question that could quite clearly change my whole life. 'What'll it be? Do you want to come with me, or spend the rest of your life ... here?' he said the last part with what seemed like ... disgust?

I didn't know what to do. My breath was beginning to come in heavier gasps, and I couldn't quite work out how to calm myself - I felt like bursting into tears right here, right now.

Then I came back down to earth ... of course not!

'What, no I don't! I mean, I live here now and I'm human and you are a vampire - that whole school is filled with vampires! It would be like suicide!' I screamed at him, which must have alarmed Madam Clarke, because she came bustling into the room, shortly followed by one of the men I recognised from a picture I had seen in my room ... but why would he be here?

'Jessica, are you alright?' Madame Clarke asked me, with a stricken look upon her face. The man next to her looked me up and down as the vampire had, which only unnerved me further.

I shook my head a little - it had all happened so fast - before answering Madame Clarke, 'I'm fine Madame Clarke, I was just a little shocked is all ...' I trailed off.

Madame Clarke looked between the vampire and I and I felt so relieved that she was here with me. 'What happened here Jessica? Did he hurt you?' she asked, and I saw her eyes flicker over to the vampire standing next to me, and I felt suddenly disgusted in myself, yet I had no idea why.

'Nothing happened Madame Clarke ... it's really late; do you mind if I go to bed now?' I replied, but didn't wait for an answer, as I quickly moved through the door, avoiding the cold gaze of the man standing next to Madame Clarke - he must have been around 27, but looked much older due to the frown that he wore on his face.

Apart from that however, he looked fairly - handsome? Was that the right word to use? I had no

idea how to explain him ... I would have to ask the other girls about him tomorrow...

I remembered running up the grand staircase and along the hall, before running into my room full of now sleeping dorm-mates, and diving into bed, wishing for sleep to overcome me.

****

I felt so cold, in this state that was between sleep and consciousness. I tried to pull my covers up but it didn't help - I was just too cold. I could feel what felt like a hand stroking my cheek, but I knew that it must have been the wind blowing gently across my face - either that or it was a dream.

The wind must have been the kind that made noise as it blew against things; because it sounded so much like whispering voices ... it was really starting to get on my nerves. I tried to ignore it, but I was so darn cold, I know that I would have to sort it out myself.

I slowly let my eyes slip open, a yawn escaping my mouth, but was surprised by what I saw. There was a

big, beautiful, pair of eyes staring back at me ... yet I wasn't scared ... I didn't know why.

I went to ask the figure what they were doing, but they must have thought that I was going to scream, because they quickly covered my mouth with their hand, before whispering something that was too quiet for me to hear.

I felt hands go underneath my knees and the hand moved from my mouth to my back, lifting me up in one quick swoop. I knew that I should have done something, but I was so tired that I couldn't find the energy and I just let myself slip into the happy world of dreams, not knowing what I would wake up to...

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE COMMENT! I KNOW THAT THIS IS KIND OF A SHORT CHAPTER, BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK! SO GO AHEAD AND COMMENT AND VOTE PLEASE! THANKS A LOT. ALL COMMENTS WELCOME.

xx

Chapter 7

vampire boarding school chapter 7

Chapter 7

I felt my heavy eyelids begin to slide open lazily, but only got halfway open before I forced them close again as the glare of bright lights made its way into my fragile eyes, as if trying to force me to escape reality, if only for a few more moments. But I knew that I couldn't. It may have been Sunday, but I would still have to be in the dining hall by seven, or risk mixing breakfast. But then again, was that such a bad idea? Food or sleep, which was most important to me? I would have guessed sleep, but as if it had been planned for that exact moment, my greedy stomach

gave a huge growl, and I knew that I would have to get up.

I groaned as I tried to roll out of bed, as I did every morning, with my eyes still shut tightly. But as I rolled along my bed, I hit into something extremely heavy and extremely hard. Okay, this wasn't normal ... my bed was next to a wall, but I could have sworn that the wall was on the other side of me ... but I guess not.

I opened my eyes finally, moving my hand up to my face, shading them from the invading light, until they finally got used to the brightness of my room. I was, as I had suspected, facing a wall - but it wasn't my wall. My wall was white, with the occasional pink poster, and it would have o remain that way until I managed to make my way into the local shopping centre and bought myself some nice posters, without a single ounce of pink on them. I could just imagine it now, Jessica walking into the room and letting out the loudest of screeches and running out of the room, her long blonde hair trailing after her, as I chased after her in order to explain my little makeover. It

would be so fun, and I knew that they would forgive me.

But that wasn't the issue at hand here. What was the issue, however, was that this wall was a medium gray, and that was not due to lack of light, for it was clearly lit up. The wall was bear, but it was still enough to nearly give me a heart attack in my early morning state. It was grey and clearly not on the right side of me, so it couldn't be my room, unless they had given it a cool make over while I had slept, which I doubted highly.

I looked down, and saw that I was in a bed, but it wasn't mine. I had grey covers on mine, since they were the darkest colour that the school had left, but these were black - jet black - and made of something that felt like silk, but it was really warm.

I had to see where I was now - the curiosity was killing me - so I sat up and turned my body to face the rest of the room. It was just like a dream come true for me - everything was black and grey. The walls were grey, as was the door opposite me, and the carpet was a rich blood red colour, which went

well with the black drawers and units. Although to any other person this room would seem boring and dingy, I found it quite fascinating.

I should have run screaming from this room, not knowing it, but I just couldn't - I think I liked it too much.

I crawled out of bed and looked down to see that I was still in my pyjamas, which was good at least, but made me blend into the room. I was in the far right corner, next to me was a window and next to that was a full length, oval shaped, gold mirror. The room was only small, but that was fine by me - I preferred tight spaces to big open ones.

I walked over to the mirror and saw myself staring back - I was deathly pale, as I always was, and my jet black hair was a complete state, the ends flicking out in all directions. My big brown eyes looked ghostly and almost haunting, like I should feel a chill against the nape of my neck but didn't. Yet I liked the look, it seemed to suit me well. But the pyjamas would have to go before I would be able to show my face to figure

out what was going on - I knew that just sitting there and screaming would never help me out.

I walked over to the chest of drawers - black of course - to find them empty - as was the other unit. This was not good, but I couldn't just stand around here all day like a pillock, I had to go and find out why I was still here.

I walked over to the door, also black - not like it had been painted black, though, but like it had been made from jet black wood - it must have been stained that way. There was a gold doorknob which matched the mirror exactly, as well as the handles on the chest of drawers - I guess gold and black were kinda the themes of the room.

I lifted my hand to the doorknob, and touched it lightly with the tips of my fingers, experimenting with the handle. I twisted it slowly, and was pleasantly surprised that the door handle would twist and was not locked - but there was something wrong. As I tried to pull the handle, I found that the door was in fact locked.

I pulled the door for what seemed like hours, but to no avail, so I got onto my knees and looked along the crack of the door, trying to see of it could somehow be locked from the outside, but all I found was the side of the door, and the doorframe, with nothing in-between, which meant that there couldn't have been a lock there.

So why wouldn't it budge?

I had no idea, and I didn't get the impression that I was going to find out anytime soon, so I just stood up in a strop, and stomped on of my feet onto the dark black carpet, hoping to make enough noise to get someone in here.

I didn't want to shout, because - all truth be told - I had no idea what I would shout. So I just settled for stomping one of my feet instead.

After a good ten minutes - or at least what felt like ten minutes, I got bored of stomping, as you do, so walked over to the bed and plonked myself down on it.

So, I though, let's take a look at this situation then, shall we? I was sixteen. I was in a completely different country to the one that I knew, grew up in and loved. I knew that I lived next to a boarding school for boys, which also happened to be a boarding school for vampires. I had been kidnapped.

Even I could put two and two together and get four. It was so blatantly obvious. I had refused to join the school of vampires for two reasons. 1) Because I wasn't a boy, therefore it would make no sense. And 2) because I wasn't a vampire, therefore it would make no sense. So I must have been taken by the vampires, because I had refused to join them. Oh, how fun, I though with a sarcastic smile on my face, which dropped as soon as the sentence was over.

So I guess I would just have to wait here, in this dark room - which I kinda liked - all alone - which I kinda liked - and in my pyjamas - which I didn't like quite so much. Trust me to get into this mess!

PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE COMMENT! I KNOW THAT THIS IS KIND OF A SHORT CHAPTER, BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHAT YOU THINK! SO GO AHEAD AND

COMMENT AND VOTE PLEASE! THANKS A LOT. ALL COMMENTS WELCOME.

Chapter 8

Vampire Boarding School - chapter 8

So, standing here as i was, looking like a complete and utter plonka in my pyjamas, i couldn't help but wander why these vampires actually wanted me here. Last night had been such a long night for me, and the news had been such a shock that i hadn't even thought to ask why they wanted me here, what made me so special to all the other girls.

For all i knew, they could take a girl from Madame Clarkes every now and then, just an ordinary girl, nobody special, and drink their blood, or use them to fulfill their 'urges' as one of the girls had called them.

Or maybe, just maybe, i was seen as special by these men ... if you could really call them that. I couldnt fathem a reason for why they would choose me to want, other than the fact that i dress much like they do. But was that really a good enough reason?

I began to think about my life and how much it had changed. Just a week ago, a mere week, i had been somewhat happy at home, living with my parents and having as good a time as one could have in a town where they were hated by almost everyone. And now i was here. You would have thought that things would have improved, living with people who seem to like me and actually having steph, who seemed like very good best friend material, that i would actually be perfectly happy for the first time in my life. But this was not to be.

I was sitting the corner of the room, next to the old gold mirror, scraping my black fingernails against the wall and floor in an attempt somehow magic myself out of this place, as much as i loved the decor, when i heard the golden door handle begin to twist slightly. It wasnt an easy sound to here as the knob opened so

smoothly, but being all alone in a silent room probably helped.

I could feel my heart begin to speed up, knowing that my fate lied just behind that door, but i did not, however, get into a great fit of sweat as i had done the previous night.

I had expected that door to smash open in a great bound of strength, to reveal a huge vampire with jet black hair and teeth sharp as anything, but this was not the case. In fact, the replacment of my fantasy was actually rather dissapointing.

The door slowely opened ever so smoothly, to reveal possibly the oddest man i had ever seen. He still retained the jet black hair of the others, but had recieded to wearing jut a grey suit. His face was what was the oddest thing about him though. He looked as though he were about 50, with wrinkles along his eyes, yet he seemed still perfectly beautiful and innocent, like i just wanted to protect him.

"Miss, it has been requested that you accompany me to the dinning hall. There you will be fed and have time to drink, but you will, i regret to say, not be able

to socialise with any of the students." the vampire had a very silky yet slightly squeeky voice, but this was not my top concern - that would be the fact that i was being treated somewhat normally.

I decided that the best way to get answers was to play the sweet and innocent captor, and so acted as though i had no recollection of ever doing anything that could warrent my kidnap. "Im sorry, but could you please tell me why im here, in this school. I should be at home, eating breakfast, although its most likely gone half 7 by now."

"Half 7? what an awfully early time to be up. You do look much better now that you have had a proper lay in. Now breakfast will be at 11 o'clock, we must leave now or we shall be late."

Upon my arrival to the dinning hall i was faced with the most amazing site of my life ... 2000 vampires, all male, all perfect, all right in front of me. I walked down the centre of the isle to find that nobody even so much as looked at me, but reacted to my presence, almost as though they could already thell that i was there.

When i reached the end i was stood upon a platform, in all the gallore of my pyjamas. Although my main quiery was as to why i was standing on a podium in the middle of a dining hall, all i could think was human sacrafice.

From behind me i heard the boom of a very deep yet spine chillingly amazing voice. "Let us all welcome our newest member, Jess! She will be staying with us from now on, and for the younger of you out there who weren't entierly sure; yes, she is what you think. She belongs to us now."

comments and votes welcome please :)

Chapter 9

Vampire Boarding School; Chapter 9

So here i was awaiting my doom. Only a few days ago all i had to worry about was trying to make life difficult for my parents, but now i was convinced that i was to be vampire food.

One man stood to my left and another to my right, but right now my attention was drawn to the dining hall of students that were all trying to get eye conact with me as if i were their prey. And i suddenly realised that i was. If not prey for thier food then for thier 'urges' and that scared me more than the food. But i couldnt just stand there and ignore the men that were to my sides. On the left was the man i remembered from both the photograph in my room

and Madame Marke's short explanation of vampire history after my encounter yesterday, to be Josua Shires. He was handsome, there was no doubt about that. He had that perfect jawline and short, yet kinda cute, stubble look going on. I know that it was him who had spoken just a moment ago and it was him who was about to speak again. "Now Jessica, i know all of this must be very daunting to you, and we all appologise for the somewhat ... suprising start to your day, but we all wish to welcome you to our school." He turned to the rest of the students. I suppose i was one of them now ...

"Yes. Jessica here has now joined us as our first Mate in over 300 years. We ask you to welcome her and to make her transition from human to vampire Mate easier." For me the one word that stood out here was Mate. I could only hope that he meant Mate as in 'really good friends' but i doubted it very highly. Surely it should be my descision as to whether or not i become someones 'Mate'.

That was when the guy to my right decided to step forward. i noticed that everything was also very

formal, and i just wanted this over with now. I recognised him as the guy from the office yesterday, who had asked me to come to the school with him. he was also the man who student who i had felt the connection with yesterday on the field.

"I, too, would ask you all to welcome my new Mate. As you can all see she is very new to all of this, but i trust that due to her already equisite tastes she will soon find her place within our society." i looked over to him, with his gorgeous black hair and smooth pale skin. he was beautiful. i know that beautiful wasnt a very manly title but that was the only way that i could describe him. when he turned to me i felt that sudden pang in my stomach. i felt his dark eyes bore into mine and was suddenly drawn to him again, and just wanted to give myself to him again.

Ever so quietly he wispered to me, in such as intimate way. "I would ask you now to accompany me to your new home, our bedroom, where you will find your clothes and be able to wash and get dressed. i have also had some new clothes bought for you. I have tried to keep them to your liking." he had

a slight smile on his face, which i instantly found adorable. He moved his hand towards mine and slowly entwined our fingers. i knew that i should be screaming for help and making a run for it, but i just couldnt. i looked into the eyes of this familiar stranger and felt him stare into my soul. i was hooked.

****

It wasnt until we arrived at the door that i realised i needed to take a step away to think for myself.i took my hand back and i saw a hint of hurt flash across his eyes that he soon replaced with composure. he put a smile on his face and looked at me kindly. "Please, just come into our room and i will explain everything. then you can get yourself into some proper clothes."

Chapter 10

Vampire Boarding School - Chapter 10

I had to admit that the thought of getting into some proper clothes was nice. I'd been in these same pyjamas the whole time i'd been here and the stress of the situation had made them seem suddenly uncomfertable. And the prospect of a whole new wardrobe was really exciting - not that i thought it would fit my taste, but at the end of the day i was still a sixteen year old girl, and it was my job to enjoy new clothes.

I had seen the hurt in this stranger's eyes and although i had no connection to him, i still felt incredibly bad when his face completely changed. He

seemed to be perfect. not only was he amazing in his looks and his taste in clothes (and probably music too!) but he was clearly very good at hiding his true feelings, and i know from experience that when you hide whats going on inside it can be damaging to those around you.

I didn't really want to go to into this room - my room - with this stranger who i was now forced to live with. But i was being just that - forced. So i just decided to suck up my pride and go in with him.

"Fine. But you better not try anything 'cause i am not your new toy!" That seems sufficiant, i thought to myself. There was no way he could argue with me as long as i put on a mask to show the world that i was not a girl to be messed with.

Annoyingly, however, he pulled yet another one of his adoring smiles, clearly amused by my efforts to appear in control. He must have seen through my mask. "I'm not gunna try anything. Promise," he said as he held out his hand, pinkie finger extended.

"Pinkie promise?" Great, there was no way i could say no to that. So for the second time i sucked up my pride and locked my finger with his. He let go of my hand, clearly sensing my unease at the idea of being led by hand into a room that was not my own. By a stranger.

"So," he said, in his sleek, silky voice. "Welcome to your new home." And has he said the last few words he twisted open the golden handle to his door and revealed to me my new home.

****

As i sat down on the bed waiting for him to come back, i studdied my new room. It was big - not huge, but a nice size. The walls were a light grey, and all the furnature was made from dark mahogany. The curtains which surrounded the small window were a deep red, as were the curtains that stood around the huge four poster bed. The one four poster bed. So, i

wandered, was i expected to share a bed with him? Or had they simply not managed to secure a new bed for me? either way i didnt like the fact that there was only the one bed. Even if it was incredibly comfertable and had the same silky, think and shiney black sheets as the room that i had just woken up in.

That was when the the door that i was facing opened. There were three doors in the room. One, to the right of me, that lead to the hallway i had just come from. One behind be that i had been told was a walk-in wadrobe. And the one that had just opened.

"I got you some fresh towels so you can take a shower, and here are a pair of jeans and a t-shirt for you to get into after. Its not much but i didnt know you would be coming." Again he flashed me that cute smile, and every time it seemed to make my heart melt. But that wasnt what i was focused on. He didnt know i was coming? He was the one who had brought me here!

"Okay, i know you say that, but werent you the one

who brought me here. I dont really remember but, i thought it was a dream, but i remember you, i remember you carrying me and it being cold. I remember seeing your eyes." He looked almost uncomfertable at this, like i was being too intimate, and that pissed me off even more. "And another thing, what makes you think im staying here with you? Your just some guy who thinks he can own me and just make me come here, when you have that totally wrong. If i wanna leave, i can."

"Then why don't you?" Okay, that stumped me. I knew i didnt want to be here but i couldnt leave. It wouldnt feel right. as much as i didnt want to admit it, i kinda felt like i could get used to it here. "Thats what i thought. Look, this isnt easy for me either you know. You could at least let me explain."

"Oh, so you think you can take the high horse on the situation do you? You kidnapped me!" I couldnt believe he thought that i was in the wrong here. But i knew i needed to calm down, so i took a deep breath and decided to start with the basics. "Okay, explain

away. Whats your name?"

He looked tense, as if my words had hurt him more than i thought they would, as if they had hurt him on a personal level. "My name is Damian. And as you probably already know i am a Vampire. Did that Madame Marke's woman explain to you what a vampire was?" I nodded. "Well i guess that saves me a job. I came to the school a few years ago, when i was 14 in human years. I loved it here with my own kind. I thought that i had finally found somehwere that i could be at peace. Well, that was untill yesterday. Untill i saw you, and i knew."

"Your headmaster guy said that i was to be your Mate. What on earth does that mean, Mate?" I knew that it was wrong but i had to admit that the longer i spent in his company, the happier i felt. It felt right.

"A Mate, as far as Vampires are concerned, are a lot of different things. They are always human, though not always female. They are always given the choice to join the Vampire, but at the end of the day, they

will always end up with the Vampire. If not united with thier Mate if physically hurts both the Vampire and the Human. That is why we were forced to bring you here when you refused." I looked over and my eyes bored into his back, as i wished that he would turn around and face me instead of just looking out of the window. As if he heard to what i was thinking he turned round to face me, his eyes meeting mine.

"How did you ..."

"I have a connection with you now. Look, i know you must think of me as being some kind of weird, perverted freak, and i heard what your friends said to you the other night about us all being 'a bunch of horny teenage vampire guys sitting cooped up in the same building all day every day deprived of female company' and i must admit i found it rather offensive." I was sure he could see the shock on my face, but i knew in my gut that he was right.

"I have to shower," was all i could say as i grabbed

my clothes, towels and ran into the bathroom, locking the door behind me.

Chapter 11

Vampire Boarding School - Chapter 11

So for anyone who is interested here's chapter 11. Things still aren't explained but they're getting there, and you'll all find out about it soon enough! Happy reading guys!

Chapter 11

It had seemed like a good idea at the time, but now that I was in the way-too-big bathroom I didn’t really know what to do with myself. Showering was just an excuse to be alone, but I figured that while I was here I may as well get cleaned up – if everything you hear about vampires on the telly is true, then I must be

stinking to high heavens as far as ‘Damian’ was concerned.

Damian. It was a pretty name, suited him well. In some unknown way it almost seemed slightly dark and gothic which suited me well. Suited me well? Now I was acting like this was actually happening. Of course it was at that moment that I remembered the way he had turned at the window. There was a good chance he could hear my thoughts. Well, that was embarrassing.

I looked over to the shower. It was stainless steel, just as the rest of the bathroom was, and although it was a cold looking room, I knew that it had instantly been promoted to the status of ‘warm and comforting’ the second I had begun to use this room as a sanctuary.

I walked over to the shower, opened the glass door and began to fiddle with the control system. *Why make it so complicated?* I thought to myself. After a few more seconds of fiddling I heard Damian shout from the bedroom, “knob on the left controls heat, and the one on the right controls pressure.” *Yes, thank you, smart ass!* I thought to myself again, but

mentally kicked myself, knowing that my thoughts were no longer safe.

I quickly undressed myself and jumped in the shower. I had so many questions, but as the warm water cascaded down my back and over my shoulders to my chest, tummy and legs, I felt far too relaxed to even think. This was a shower sent from heaven!

I don't know how long it had been when I was suddenly startled by a soft knocking on the door.

"Who is it?" I asked, instantly feeling incredibly self-conscious about my being naked. But it was a silly question, I knew it was him.

And as if confirming my thoughts he left my question unanswered. "You've been in there a while and you didn't get a chance to eat, so I went to the kitchen and got you some food. It isn't much but I thought maybe you were hungry?"

He may have said it like a question but I was pretty sure he was just doing that not to freak me out. Even through the loud sound of the shower the grumbling

in my stomach was still plain to hear. I couldn't help but appreciate the gesture, knowing that although I must have been here a while he had waited for me to finish, patiently I might add, and then got me food when realising my hunger. It was almost kinda sweet, but I couldn't admit that to him.

"Okay, well I'll just leave it on the dressing table so you can get it when you come out." I hadn't realised I'd been in there so long without answering him. I saw the light under the door shine through again, and I knew that he must have gone. I took this as my cue to finally get out the shower.

Putting the towel around me I walked over to the mirror, wiping away the steam that had covered it. I once again found myself in the mirror, but looking the most relaxed I had ever seen myself. *It must have been the shower,* I thought to myself.

But this got my mind racing again with all sorts of questions. Did the vampires actually drink blood? Were all the myths and legends surrounding them true? And as for Damian's connection with me, how

far did it go? Could he really read my thoughts? When I look at myself in the mirror, can he see too?

I found myself backing away, and freaking out. I decided that dressing in front of mirrors was a big no-no from now on.

Speaking of which, I knew I had to face my doom some time. I found a pair of jeans on the chair in the corner of the bathroom, along with a shirt and socks. No shoes though – not going anywhere anytime soon then I see.

I found a hairbrush and quickly combed through my still damp hair, but had nothing to do with it other than leave it. I wanted to look presentable for Damian for some strange reason, and felt unhappy that I couldn't.

I took one last deep breath while looking at the door before deciding to take the plunge and open it, not knowing what would greet me on the other side.

I counted down in my head; 3 … 2 … 1 …

There was nothing, just an empty room. I was almost somewhat disappointed at not being greeted by my

captor, but I knew that in some way he must have his own life to get on with. On the dressing table was a tray, filled with pancakes, waffles, syrup and all sorts, along with a single rose, the brightest red that I had ever seen. I picked it up to find attached a note, in the most beautiful handwriting – I suppose when you've been around hundreds of years you learn to perfect that sort of thing.

I ripped open the envelope and pulled out the note wasting no time.

Dearest Jessica,

Although I wish I was able to stay with you and explain more of what must be an absolute mystery to you, I have unfortunately been called to see Master Shires. Please accept my apologies, and I hope to be returning to you soon. Until then you may help yourself to anything within my room – what was once mine is now ours, so feel free to do as you wish. I must ask you, however, to stay within the confines of our room until such time as I return. Although the other boys are well trained some are still young and have yet to get control of their urges.

But you need not fear anything, although I may not be with you, the boys all know that if anything were to happen to you there would be hell to pay.

I shall be seeing you shortly,

All my love, Damian X

I had to admit, although I found the note slightly too affectionate, and almost incredibly threatening, it did make me feel much safer. It was nice to know that if there was ever any problem with 'the boys' it would be taken care of easily and without a fuss.

'The Boys,' It seemed rather an affectionate nickname, but I suppose when you live with people this formally for a long time you get strange nicknames like that.

Still grasping the rose, I carried the plate over to the bed. If he was telling the truth about 'what's mine is now ours' then he can't complain about me eating on the bed. It was the comfiest seat after all. As I ate I thought about everything: Damian, Shires, the boys and Stephanie – she must be worried sick! Though Madame Marke would no doubt have explained

everything to them by now. They didn't even get a chance to know me well enough to miss me. The thought sent a silent pang of sadness through my stomach. I guess there girls would never be my friends after all.

And as for Shires, I had no doubt that they were talking about me, and as much as I wanted to know what exactly they were saying, I felt to annoyed by the whole thing to even care. Well, I guess this was my life now.

****

Not much, i know, but its a start, i have a the rest of the week with nothing to do so i may even get two or more chapters up! We can always hope =P

so comment, vote, all that jazz! See you soon! =)

Chapter 12

Vampire Boarding School - Chapter 12

Chapter 12

I had been waiting in this room for a while now. I couldn't tell how long as there was no clock, or even a watch left lying around. The sky was starting to get a yellowy-pink glow to it, so I knew Dusk was approaching. Given this added factor, I knew I had been here for hours, and with only the rather large breakfast – most of which I had consumed hours ago – I was fast becoming hungry again.

Staying true to Damian's note I had stuck to this one room, examining it' every detail while I'd had the chance to be alone, but the novelty had worn off

after a while when I finally realised there was no need for me to sneak about the place. If this was indeed to be my home too then I refused to scurry about the place afraid of getting caught, but I was still wary of what would happen if I did something that Damian, Shires, or any of the others didn't like.

I'd examined all the fresh new clothes in the cupboards, still with their tags on. I'd looked under the bed for clues, searched the bathroom and stood staring out the windows for what felt like hours looking for something that might help me figure out my new life here. I'd even spend a good portion of my time looking behind dressers and under chairs to see if there was anything hidden there, but to no avail.

I had grown tired and weary, and had resorted to lying across the end of the bed when I decided to do the one thing I had avoided doing; across the room there was a set of draws that I knew belonged to Damian. I knew that it was slightly immature but I hadn't wanted to go through them because I was afraid of what I might find. This was a boy's bedroom

after all, and I had no idea what kind of things he could have hidden away. But most of all I think I was scared of finding something that Damian would obviously be planning on using on me. I don't know exactly what I expected this to be, but it was still a terrifying thought, and I was meant to be his 'mate' after all – if this was the same for the Vampire world as it was for the animal world then I don't think I really wanted to know.

But it was getting late, and I was exhausted. The thought of leaving the room had occurred to me, but I had instantly dismissed it. I know that I told myself at the time that it was because outside was unsafe, and because there was still so much exploring to be done, but thinking back on it there was more chance than not that I didn't want to leave because I knew Damian would be coming back – and the thought excited me a little. I didn't know exactly what to think about this, so I just let it be, but knew that I would soon have to return to the idea and sort everything out in my head.

But now I knew that this was the only place left to look.

I stood up off the bed, bending my stiff legs as if testing to make sure they still worked. When I was sure that I was good to go, I began to walk very slowly over to the draws, feeling that tense knot grow in my stomach, the one a child gets when caught with their hand in a cookie jar. I looked down at the draws, the sleek design, so old yet so profoundly new. The thought that behind this draw could be the answers that I needed was a frightening one, but one that also made me realise that taking my time was only a silly thing to do.

I reached down to the first, top left draw. I don't know exactly what I expected to see when I opened it, but I still found myself slightly disappointed by what I'd found. The draw was full of socks, though they were all black and very well organised. I in turn did each of the draws, finding shirts, jeans, more formal trousers, jackets and all sorts, but nothing of any interest. I must admit though, there was a temptation to just steal some of the Vampire shirts I

found. He had quite the collection, and it seems along with the boy with the 'Bite me' shirt, they all had a sense of humour, and one that was similar to mine – even I could see the irony of the situation. A girl who professes to love vampires is kidnapped, then completely freaks when she ha to actually deal with them … it's not lost on me.

The draws had helped in no way, but this wasn't all that surprising. If he knew he was gunna kidnap me there was no way he'd leave me alone in a room where he'd left all his even plans.

It had quickly grown dark outside and the jetlag was still catching up with me. I needed to sleep, and although I was unbelievably angry at being left alone for so long without food, I knew that I needed to sleep. But this did, of course, remind me of food, and my stomach gave a huge growl at the prospect of food.

I wandered if there was anybody around who could show me to the kitchen, as there was no way I could remember how to get there all by myself, but I

needed to eat or risk making myself ill. Plus I wanted to keep my strength up just in case I needed to fight.

I opened the huge door and peered out into the hallway. It was narrow, and with door along one wall, with the other being bare, but with a few windows to add a little light. At least now I knew that the sunlight stereotype was out.

I had two choices; I either knock on someone's door, asking for help, or I go and find food myself. Neither seemed a particularly appealing option, but I knew that I had to do something. Although I had been warned in the note not to leave my room or talk to anybody, nobody had disturbed me or tried to bite me yet, so I didn't see there being much of a problem.

I softly closed the door behind me and walked to the door on my left. I stood there for a while debating whether or not to knock when I saw a door a little way down the corridor open and two very thin, tall guys walk out. There had been a burst of music come very loudly from the door when it opened, but it had disappeared when it closed. Sounded like a party,

and if that was where Damian was then there was no doubt I'd kill him myself for leaving.

The guys were chatting away for what seems like ages while they walked until they eventually looked up to see me watching. I felt suddenly shy and somewhat embarrassed at being caught staring, but I couldn't really help myself. Just like everyone else I'd seen from the vampire community – all three of them – these two young men were as beautiful as ever. Maybe not by everybody's standards, but they had that same dark look about them that I adored.

'You lost?' the one on the left asked before I could say anything. He sounded like a cross between curious and defensive – an odd mix.

I didn't really know what to say, and so I just tried to concentrate more on sounding less like I was going to panic.

'No, well yes, I don't really know …' I trailed off, feeling foolish and embarrassed, clearly making myself look like a blathering idiot. I was about to try again, when the one on the right joined in, a sudden spark of recognition clearly lighting his face. The

second I saw this I couldn't help but feel relieved, knowing that he must be able to help.

'You're Damian's Mate!' he said, looking incredibly animated, almost excited even. 'Sorry, I thought you were visiting one of the other boys. Nobody's gotten low enough to have a Volunteer over in a while, and you look far too pretty to be one of those.'

I didn't know whether to take that as a compliment or not. In fact, the majority of that sentence didn't really make much sense. 'Volunteer?' I knew that if that little piece of puzzle was filled in the whole conversation would make so much more sense.

'Wow, Damian's taking his time to explain everything to you, isn't he? I'm Alexander by the way,' he seemed so chirpy now he knew what was going on, but the other one, the one on the left, still seemed to be so guarded and serious. 'And a Volunteer is just the little nickname we have for the odd few girls who frequent our little home.' He suddenly looked embarrassed, and I could imagine why already. 'Sometimes, being what we are, doing what we do, living for how long we live, it can get sort of lonely

for us, so some of the girls from the town around here come … help us out. But you don't really need to know about that! Where are you going anyway?'

Finally, something I could understand! 'Damian went somewhere this morning and then never came back. I was just gunna knock next door and see if they knew where to get some food. I'm kinda starved.' I still didn't know why I had been here so long, all alone. But most of all I had to question why I wasn't allowed to leave the room, when these guys seem like such nice people. But I guess time would tell.

After some quick introductions to the guy on the left, Erik, I was lead through the large building over to the kitchen. I did recognise some of the designs on the walls, and a couple of the more elegant ornaments, but mostly it was all new to me.

The kitchen was industrial sized, huge with stainless steel countertops and a huge oven, fridge – the works! I sat on one of the stools on the edge that Alexander pointed out to me while he grabbed me a sandwich. Once it was made we sat and made general chit chat while I ate, and although I tried to

pace myself to get answers, I was so hungry I couldn't help but eat fast.

It was dark outside when we left the kitchen, and I was glad to have them by my side, but they seemed in such a hurry to get back. I guessed they were just tired, and I was grateful for the food so I didn't really mind.

When we reached the door I turned to the boys to say thank you, but only saw two very messy mops of dark black hair. It may have just been the light, but it seemed darker than before.

'Thanks for helping me, there was no way I could have gotten there myself' I said, but they seemed suddenly unresponsive, and cold – bitter almost.

It was Erik that piped up this time. 'Just make sure you get inside and stay there. You won't like this place after dark.' Just then he looked up, and I could see that his nearly black eyes had turned a dusty red, growing brighter by the second. I couldn't help but be under shock, not really knowing what to do, I simply nodded my head, eyes wide, and walked

backwards through the door, shitting it behind me, turning the key to lock it just to be safe.

I didn't know if it was just a trick of the light but the intensity of his eyes had scared me. I walked to the bed and jumped under the covers. I had no need for pyjamas, simply wanting to escape the bad thoughts in my head.

It was then that I finally fell asleep; blissfully unaware of just how much danger I was really in tonight.

Chapter 13

Vampire Boarding School - chapter 13

Chapter 13

It must have been late when I woke, as it was darker than my eyes could handle. There was a light banging on the door, short, sharp thuds that sounded clearly like someone was banging in frustration with the side of their curled up fist.

I looked over to the clock, squinting against the glaring red light up numbers. It was in the early hours of the morning, and although I was still dazed and confused from sleep, i still managed to crawl out of bed and over to the door. It seemed that during the night I must have made my way under the covers,

which annoyed me – there was no way in hell that I wanted to get too comfy here, as I didn't plan on staying long.

I unbolted the door and turned the key, pulling as I did so. I looked up to see Damian's face lit only by moonlight. I knew that I should be angry, but I was too groggy to think straight, and my only concern was to get back to bed, with the door shut firmly behind me.

After a few agonisingly long seconds staring at Damian's softly light face, I realised that I didn't care less whether or not he came inside. To say that I wasn't a morning person was the understatement of the century!

'Are you coming in or not?' I grumbled at him, rubbing my eyes as I did so and not really bothering to look at his face. With the lack of lighting I couldn't see a thing anyway, so what did it matter?

I heard a large sigh escape from his lips, and although this was an obvious sign of frustration or annoyance, I couldn't help but be annoyed myself by the fact that he had no reason to be angry – he was

the one who had left me along for hours upon end after all.

I couldn't help but roll my eyes and make an 'urgh' sound as I turned to walk back into the room and sat on the now unmade bed. I looked over to see Damian leaning against the door frame, fist against his forehead, as if in intense thought. We stayed there like that for what seemed like a ridiculously long time. Even though the events of the night had come flooding back to me and I was becoming more agitated by the minute, I was still too tired to care – like I said, not a morning person.

it was then that with one swift motion Damian had shut and bolted the door, and made his way over to the bed, sitting opposite me. I could have been because of my slow state, but it seemed to happen just slightly too fast, slightly too smoothly to be humanly possible. But then again I suppose I was looking out for things like that now, wasn't I?

'Jess … ' I could finally see his expression, but it was still so guarded –brow furrowed, hair over his eyes.

Speaking of which, ‘Damian, earlier, when I was with Alexander and Erik … did I see their eyes glow red?’ I knew it was a very forward question, but it was the first thing that came to my mind. Besides, now was as good as any time to ask the questions I needed answers to.

‘Jess, I told you not to leave the room.’ I couldn’t help but feel slightly guilty knowing that I had, in essence, let him down. I didn’t even know what to say, so I just sat there, looking at my hands and avoiding eye contact. ‘I’m sorry I left you for so long, but you knew I was going to come back. I was just worried about you.’

Now that got me going. ‘Worried? Damian, you left for hours, I mean literally you were gone all day. I didn’t know what to do. I hadn’t eaten, I didn’t know where to find you, so I just did the best thing I could. I don’t think it’s fair of you to take the high ground here.’

When I looked into his eyes, I knew the answer to my previous question. They too had taken on a dull shade of dusty red, but it only seemed to add to his

face, to make it more attractive. I realised then that I hadn't really yet had the chance to study his features. This guy was a complete stranger to me, yet I hadn't even felt the need to get to know him – it was like I already did.

But I think that it was obvious to the both of us that our hearts weren't really in it. It was late – or early, depending on how you view it – and this could easily wait till morning. And with that we both gave up.

'Let's just go to bed,' this was the best thing Damian had said to me, well, ever.

I pulled myself back against the pillows, and climbed under the sheets, idly wandering where Damian planned to sleep. Of course this was easily answered when he began to walk past the door and round to the other side of the bed.

'Wait – you're getting in too?' I couldn't help but feel that it was slightly inappropriate. Yes I was his prisoner, but that didn't mean he couldn't get me somewhere else to sleep.

He looked at me, clearly confused by the question. ‘This is my bed, you know. Really it’s you who should be leaving!’

‘Ever the gentleman I see.’ I couldn’t help but smile, it was nice not be taking things to seriously for once. Everything in my life was a massive stress: from my parents, to school, to being kidnapped. But now I was so tired that I was happy to forget all my stressed at this one moment.

He ran to the other side – still fully clothed, just as I was – and got into bed. He turned to look at me, before telling me that he wouldn’t try anything. I instantly believed him, which I guess was a side effect of this whole connection thingy, knowing when he was telling the truth or not.

It didn’t matter to me at that moment in time just how uncomfortable being in bed with this stranger made me feel, because at the end of the day this bed was so comfortable that it made up for it. And with that I turned to face away from him, closed my eyes, and soon fell back to sleep.

*****

The first thing I could think of when waking up in the morning was what I was going to wake up to exactly. I wanted more than anything to turn around and be alone, but I knew I wouldn't be. I could hear Damian's deep breathing, feel the warmth coming off of his body as he slept peacefully next to me.

I looked to the clock to find that it was only 7am. I guess I had it in my head that I needed to be up earlier than usual. With this I decided that there was no point staying away for the next few hours until breakfast, so I laid back down and closed my eyes, hoping for sleep to come. But it didn't come easily. I spent the next few hours dreaming of all sorts of random things, preventing me from really getting any real rest.

But I knew that there was nothing I could do about the whole situation, there was no choice but to take the dreams and leave it as is. As the realisation hit me I began to sink back into sleep, wondering whether or not I would actually remember this when I wake up again.

Feel free to comment, vote and fan :)

Happy reading!

Chapter 14

Vampire boarding school - chapter 14

Chapter 14

I could see the light shining through the partially opened curtains in a long rectangular line along the floor, blinding me and blurring my vision. I didn't know how long I had been lying there, but I didn't care.

Everything had changed so much in just a week, and I didn't really know how to deal with any of it. I had no way of coping with this and I felt incredibly uncomfortable being where I was.

Since being brought here to the Boarding School I had found everything incredibly difficult. I hadn't

had a chance to meet anyone since my second night here as Damian had refused to let me leave the room. It was an odd way of living. Every morning I would be brought food, and a couple of bottles of water. I would then shower, and dress in one of the very extravagant dresses that I found in the wardrobe. Then I'd be brought some lunch, usually just a sandwich and more water bottles. I would be stuck here all day, and although the door hadn't been locked from the outside, I knew not to leave – Damian had made it very clear that I must stay here no matter what time of day, and no matter how desperate I was to leave. Although he hadn't exactly threatened me, there was most definitely an underlying meaning to his words.

I had never known what it felt like to be trapped until now.

The one piece of excitement of my day was when Damian would come to meet me for dinner, and then we would go to bed. It was an odd relationship and one that I couldn't quite grasp. On the one hand he was a captor, someone who was keeping me from the

people that I had wanted to befriend, or even letting me make some kind of connection with people here, but on the other hand he always showed an odd form of affection for me in the evening time. We would eat together, talk for a while, then sleep. I supposed I just enjoyed the company really.

But every day, without fail, I would wake up completely alone. Today was no different.

I crawled out of bed, and walked over to the door. I unbolted and opened it before grabbing the tray of food that had been yet again placed on the floor just outside the room.

Taking it over to the bed I lifted the cover – waffles again. Don't get me wrong they're nice enough, but they get boring after a couple of days.

And as usual, there was a note stuck to a single rose. I knew that Damian was trying to build affections from me but I was still feeling incredibly neglected, and there was no amount of inappropriately sweet notes that could take me out of this funk that I found myself in.

The note contained the usual – just more awkwardly worded affections. It seemed as though Damian felt forced into doing what he was doing. Over the last few days Damian had explained some of what was going on, just about being his mate. I knew that we were connected, and I could most definitely feel it, but that was all I knew. I didn't feel any kind of 'love' for him at all. I did have my affections, but he was the only person I knew, and so it stands to reason that I would cling to him.

The day went fairly quickly. There was a large bookshelf to one corner of the room, and I had been working my way through the books – it seemed to help me pass the time rather effectively and before I knew it Damian was calling to me to let him in.

Every day he would greet me with the same small smile. It still seemed like he was trying to make the best first impression possible, but it obviously wasn't working – it was far too late for that now.

As we sat down to dinner I could feel Damian looking at me. 'Did you want something?' I tried n to stop it from sounding too harsh and 'snappy' but I was

having trouble with that lately – everything I said seemed to come out wrong, and made me feel guilty for being harsh.

He looked troubled, like he was struggling to come to terms with something. ‘Jessica, I know I’ve told you some of what it means to be a mate, but I’ve been leaving something pretty major out of our discussions. I was hoping it would fix itself but it hasn’t, and I can’t keep expecting it to when I know that nothing I do can help.’

It was obvious that there was something he had been leaving out. He had told me the answers to almost everything I had asked, but there was something missing – I still didn’t understand the point of having a mate when there were other ways for them to breed. Damian had already explained to me that there were other ways for them to procreate, and women who actually volunteered for the task, but when I had asked my role he had been pretty vague.

‘It’s all about love. Having a mate is to know love. I’ve had friends find their mate, and I’ve seen the way they look at each other, the way they behave – it’s

magical.' He looked to his hands, like he was ashamed of what he was about to say. 'We don't fit. I know you feel it to – or don't as the case is. You don't love me, and I don't love you.'

It seemed nice that he was finally admitting it, but I really didn't see what the big deal was. There are couples all over the world who are breaking up right this minute, so why was this any different?

'Then I can go home? Or back to the other school at least?' I finally felt my first smidge of hope in days, but it was soon taken away when I saw the look on his face change.

'I – I don't really know. I've been speaking to Shires about it. It's where I've been the past few days.' It wasn't all that surprising really, where else could he have gone to? 'This is unheard of. I've tried to show affections towards you but I think we both know that it hasn't really worked.'

'Well then how do you?' I asked. 'How do you I'm really your mate … you seem to have made a mistake.'

‘No, I know. I don’t love you, but I feel that connection, I know when you’re sad, or happy, or frightened. And you do appeal to me, I think you’re beautiful,’ to this I can’t help but feel embarrassed. ‘So I know you are definitely my mate.’

I didn’t exactly know where we stood on this, but I knew from day one that although I though he looked good, I didn’t think anything else of him. He was just kind of there.

‘Shires and I decided that for the sake of the other boys you need to stay here, and we need to keep up appearances. Who knows, we may even fall in love one day,’ and with that he gave me a small wink. I couldn’t help but giggle slightly. Besides, who can expect love to happen overnight?

And from that Damian and I arranged to keep up appearances, but with leniency of course. There was no way I was going to live out my days in this single room.

‘I actually wanted to talk to you about that,’ I could only question this. ‘I’ve got something for you.’

With that Damian led me out of that room for the first time. It was a short walk, about a minute, but it was difficult to remember exactly which turns to take. But once we were there I was definitely not disappointed.

Damian looked me right in the face, right in the eyes, and I looked back. There was so much mystery in the eyes, now starting to fade into that light red shade. But before I really got a chance to examine them, he opened those big double doors into that had to be the most amazing room I had ever seen.

I had never been to a ball before, but this seemed to make up for it. The room was huge, with massive glass windows to one side. The ceiling reached at least two or three floors high, with the most amazing design painted on it. I could have stared at it for hours, just studying it, if it weren't for the fact that I was so distracted by how beautiful the rest of the room was. The walls were gold, and the floor a similar colour, but so shiny that you could barely see. And finally, to one side, was a huge balcony, filled with bookshelves, and a small red reading chair.

It was magnificent.

‘It is all yours. You are doing me a favour after all,’ and for this I was grateful. It would finally give me something to do during the day!

That night, while lying in bed, I found myself becoming fonder and fonder Damian. He had finally given me something to look forward to.

Chapter 15

Vampire Boarding School - Chapter 15

Chapter 15

As it turned out things went on very much the same over the next few days. The only difference, in fact, was that instead of being stuck in that same room all day, I was now tuck in a different room all day – although I had to admit, I much preferred this room.

When Damian had shown me that beautiful ball room, I had finally felt something for that boy that wasn't just me being neutral about him. Over the past month, I had been growing fonder of Damian, and as it still stood, Damian was the best friend that I had in this place, but still the only one. Our awkward

dinners together had become a time to laugh. There wasn't anything in particular to laugh about, but we could talk about things that had happened to us in the past, times when we had been embarrassed or even belittled, but that we could look back on and find amusement in. It seemed that when it came to Damian I could say anything I wanted and never needed to fret that I would be judged or made fun of – after all, he wasn't exactly 'normal' himself.

But even through all this, I wanted more. Not with Damian, unfortunately – there was still nothing like that between us – but out of this place. I wanted to see what was on the other side of each of the walls I passed; I wanted to know what exactly happened here at night. There was no way that I could keep pretending that the fact that my roommate's eyes were often red didn't bother me, because it did. I just hadn't found a way to approach the subject yet. Although we were getting on well enough, there was no way that I could just ask such personal questions to someone who may as well be a stranger.

That evening, when Damian came to pick me up, I finally found the courage to say what I needed to say.

Without even thinking, I looked Damian straight in the eyes, and said the words, 'I want more.' Of course I can't blame him now for the wide eyed stare he was giving me, but at the time I didn't exactly get why he was so shocked. When I had said I want more I should have elaborated.

'Jessica, I don't really know what to say …' and this was when I finally caught on, yet another award winningly stupid moment on my part. And so I just stood there, watching him frantically try to explain that he still didn't feel like that about me, and that he know, in his heart, that I didn't feel that way either – the connection would have let him know if I had.

After what felt like hours I finally got my chance to speak. 'Well, you're right. That isn't what I meant though,' I said, as I watched his face drop in horror of how silly he looked now. 'Don't worry about it. That was my bad. I just meant that if I'm going to be staying here for a while, and this place is now my home, shouldn't I be able to, you know, move about

in it? You giving me this room was amazing, and I can't that you enough, but I need to do something, if only for one night.'

I waited anxiously for his answer, and I'll be the first one to admit that I was fairly surprised by his response.

'I think we could do that. But just the one night for now; you know I only keep you here to protect you, don't you?' I knew that he kept me here, but he hadn't exactly explained that much about why. But how much could a little white lie hurt?

'Of course, but if I'm supposed to be your girlfriend, should part of keeping up appearances include me fitting in with everyone?' How could anyone argue with that? I had been good as gold these last few weeks, and I really needed some sort of reward for that – it wasn't exactly easy doing nothing all day, every day.

He looked at me carefully, studying my face before his face pulled into a slight smile. 'I can't argue that. So it's settled, we'll have an event to welcome you to the family. How about a ball? Seems rather

appropriate to the situation, don't you think?' he asked, and he looked around the room. I couldn't help but giggle at that, just happy to have something to do, and before I knew it I had my arms around his neck in a vice like hug. It didn't exactly dawn on my just how inappropriate it was for me to do this until it was already happening. I learned back, fingers knotted together behind his head, to see what his had to say – was this too far? But when I looked at him he just laughed it off, put his hands on my shoulders, and told me that he was just glad that I was happy.

I really did feel like this guy could be a friend to me. Other than the whole kidnapping thing he had been pretty much a gentleman, and now I was going to get to have some fun.

That night at dinner, Damian and I sat at his desk while we ate, thinking of ideas. I didn't see how all this could be done by tomorrow night, but Damian assured me it was easily done. I had no idea what I was going to wear, who I was going to meet, and how everyone would react to me, but I was just glad that I could finally do something useful with my time.

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The next day I woke up and jumped straight in the shower. Damian would be along soon with food, and I wanted to be all refreshed for when he did. I stripped off my clothes, and jumped into the shower, letting the warm water cascade down my back, relaxing my cold and rigid muscles.

Damian had often taken to eating breakfast with me in the morning, and I had to say that it made the whole experience a much more pleasant one. But even over my musings I could sense that Damian was near. Before I could even turn off the water, there was a loud knock at the door. In a panic, I ran out the shower, grabbed a towel to wrap round myself and went to get the door. I must have been a sight for sore eyes, standing there half naked, in just a towel, with my hair still dripping wet all over the floor.

Damian stood there, tray in one hand and a large coat bag in the other. I could see one eyebrow lift just under the top of his hair, and knew what he must be thinking. But upon looking at the clock I found that it

wasn't me who was late, but his entire fault for being early.

'I didn't mean to interrupt,' he taunted, clearly amused by my not-so-usual look. 'I'll wait here if you want to get dressed.' For that I could kiss him, I had never felt so stupid – I guess this makes up for his embarrassment last night. I wander if he had planned this to happen? Of course not, and with that I dismissed the idea and ran into the bathroom.

I hadn't occurred to me when I had put it on just how short this towel was, but now I was incredibly aware of that fact.

After dressing I went out to the bedroom, face red as a beetroot. We sat and ate in silence, as I couldn't bring myself to make eye contact. His hidden laughter wasn't as hidden as he had probably hoped, coming out more as a muffled snort.

'What's in the bag?' I asked after we finished, wanted to distract him.

'That,' he said, 'is for you. Didn't think I'd let you go to a ball without a gown did you? But you can't try it

on until I leave; I want it to be a surprise to everyone, including me.' I couldn't help but be a little bit excited – I loved presents, and from what I had seen, Damian had amazing taste in clothes.

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I waited for a while after he left; for some reason that bag represented a lot. It was one of those bags you see in those wedding dress shops, and although it was an irrational connection with a strenuous link, it was a link nonetheless.

For some reason, even though we were fast becoming friends, I always seemed to feel forced into committing myself to Damian. He had made it clear that it was all platonic, but there was always this nagging sensation, this thought behind everything that I did, that I should be his for all eternity. Or, you know, until I die at least.

So I just sat there, on the bed, staring at the long grey case hanging on the wardrobe. It felt like time was just rushing past, no need to do anything, and nowhere to be until later, there was no need to bother. But i couldn't just sit here, and eventually the

suspense was going to kill me, so I just took one deep breath and walked over to the bag.

'Jess, you're being silly,' I murmured to myself under my breath. And it was true after all, but this was the only bit of drama to really happen in my life since I arrived here, and I was planning on letting it go so easily.

Slowly, I slid down the zipper.

The dress looked amazing, but there was no way I could really see it in its true glory until I was wearing it. And as if on cue I heard a knock on the door.

Behind it stood two girls, clearly about my age, possibly a little older. One was short and blonde, the body of a woman, while her face still managed to retain some innocence and with a childlike, plump quality. The other was taller, but only just, with brown hair, and a slim figure. There was nothing really remarkable about this girl but she was pretty in her own right. More to the point however, there were actual people outside my door. Other than Damian I had no visitors.

‘Jessica, right?’ asked the blonde, in a very confident voice. ‘Well aren’t you going to invite us in?’ she said more than asked, as she walked straight into the room, taking a look around and clearly assessing her new surroundings. The brunette followed suit, but with an apologetic smile in toe.

Once the door was closed, I turned around to see the girls waiting for me. ‘Is the door locked?’ asked the brunette this time. I nodded, which they both seemed to take as their signal to mean that it was safe to speak.

‘I’m Martha,’ the blonde, Martha, clearly being the most confident. ‘And this is Tabitha, but you can call her Tabby.’ I’ll be honest, I couldn’t help but notice how old fashioned the names were, but I guess in a situation like this having an older name didn’t really mean much.

‘We’re here to help with the dress.’ Ah, now this all made more sense. Tabitha seemed to be the calmer of the two, and slightly more approachable.

With this the girls explained that they were some of the “volunteers” that Damian had told me about. I

still didn't quite understand the concept of these girls, but I'm sure we would soon get to know each other, what with me being half naked with them helping me put a dress on.

'So, Jessica, spill the beans. What's it like being a mate? I do love doing what we do, but it isn't the same.' I hadn't expected this question, and as much as I wanted to tell them to mind their own business because I didn't really have an answer, the look on Tabitha's face meant that there was no way that I could turn her down. It almost looked like adoration in her eyes.

'Well,' I began 'I don't really get the difference between a mate and a volunteer if I'm honest.'

It didn't really take much prompting for the girls to start gushing to me. 'Well, we do everything you do: we are there for when they need us, if you know what I mean, and we have an amazing friendship with each of our boys, but it isn't like you. We don't have a real relationship with them. Really it's just a derogatory term for being a girlfriend, only we both know that they won't ever love us, not like you love a

mate.' I couldn't help but feel sorry for the pair of them; they clearly adored their guys, whoever they were. I wish I could give them what I had, but with love in the mix – the connection between me and Damian really was special, it just wasn't everything it probably should be.

'Oh, less of the soppy stuff you,' I was glad that loudmouth Martha was here to save the day. 'C'mon, we want details. The sex must be great, all the passion and everything.'

That took me by surprise. What was I even meant to say? 'Well, the thing is –'

'Wait, you two haven't done it yet?' Martha interrupted before I had a chance to even answer. I felt so under pressure, and what with us supposed to be keeping up appearances, I couldn't exactly say no.

'Of course we have. How could we not? We do love each other after all,' I felt so awkward, again not really knowing what to say. The looks on their faces were clearly showing their need for hearing details of said passion, but I really didn't have a lot of experience to go by. Don't get me wrong, I wasn't

exactly a saint, but it wasn't like I was experienced either. So, it was time to blag it.

'Amazing, that's all I can say. But you know, this connection thing, he'll know I've been talking.' I said as I shrugged my shoulders. Well done, I thought to myself. I had most definitely escaped that one. And with knowing looks, we just carried on with the dress, while the girls muttered to each other about everything happening around them, and about the lives that they had. They may never have a mate, but it wasn't like I knew love either.

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